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The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectaaian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testa . ents, a sufficent rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgement and the liberty of conscience. the privilege and duty of all.

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The Work at Burlington and Reidsville, N. C.

Since the death of Rev. R. A. Ricks, these two churches are without a pastor. As Bro. R. was employed to take charge of this work by the churches, and the N. C., and Va., conference jointly, we believe that the Executive or Home Mission committee, one or both, ought to look after this work at once. Revs. C. C. Peele and N. G. Newman will gradnate June 2, and they will be ready for work. Why might not one of them be employed to take charge of the work till conference? Rev. W. G. Clements is chairman of the Executive and Home Mission committees and we hope he will see that this work is not neglected, as the two points are of great importance to us, as a people.

Success vs Failure.

We are confronted by two ends, success or failure; mankind is desirous of achieving a success.

At times it is true they act as if they little cared what should be the outcome of their exertion. But even in the lives of the most abandoned and reckless, there are moments when their good angel points out to them the heights to which they ascend, that a wish arises for "Something better than they have known," but too sad they have not the will to make the necessary exertions.

To win in life requires of us labor and perseverance. We must remember that those who start out for success must imitate the mettled hounds of Acteon and must pursue the game not only where there is a path, but also where there is none.

They must be able to simulate and to dissimulate, to conquer the earth like Caesar; to fall down and kiss it like Brutus; like Bremeus to throw their sword into the trembling scale, or like Nelson to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of victory while she is hesitating where to bestow them.

He that would succeed must make perseverance his bosom friend, experience his wise counsellor, caution his elder brother and hope his guarding genius.

He must not repine if fates are sometimes against him. "Life is too short," says a shrewd thinker, "for us to waste one moment deploring our lot." "We must go after success, since it will not come to us," and we have no time to lose If we reach the goal of our ambition, we will die with the conscionsness of having done our best, which is, after all, the highest success to which we can aspire.

As manhood dawns and the young man catches its first lights the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possiblities, and the purpling hills of great delight, and then looks down upon the narrow long and dusty paths by which others have reached them he is apt to be disgusted with the passage, and to seek for success through broader channels and by quicker means.

To begin at the foot of the hills and to work slowly to the top seems a very discouraging process, and here it is that thousands of young men have made shipwreck of their lives. The path to success lies through trouble and discouragement and requires earnest, patient labor. There never was a time in the world's history when high success in any profession or calling demanded harder or more earnest labor than now. It is impossible to succeed in a hurry.

What matter if a round does break or a foot slip? Such things must be expected, and being expected, they must be overcome.

Rome was not built in a day, but proofs of her magnificent temples are still to be seen. We each prepare a temple to last throughout all eternity. Can it take but a day to build such a structure? While energy and perseverance are securing the prize for steady workers, others, sitting down by the wayside, are wondering why they, too, cannot be successful. They surely forget that the true key is labor and that nothing but a strong, resolute will can turn it. To be moderately successful we should acquire the habits of application, observation, accuracy, punctuality and dispatch. Some people sneer at these virtues as little things, trifles unworthy of their notice, but it is the repetition of little things, severally insignficant, that make up human character. Men have often failed owing to the neglect of little things. God has given to all of us ability and opportunity enough to be moderately successful. If we utterly fail, generally, it is our own fault. We have either neglected to improve the talents with which our Creator has endowed us, or we fail to enter the door that has opened for us.

It is our duty under all circumstances to do our best, remembering that "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong."

By perseverance th quarry becomes a pyramid, by this the Coliseum of Rome was built, and this it was that enclosed in adamant the Chinese empire.

The whole history of our race, all nature, teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil. Gibbon consumed nineteen years in writing his master piece. How many of us would have had the courage to per severe that length of time though certain of success at last?

Young men, have you considered long and earnestly what you are best capable of doing in the world? If not, put it off no longer. You expect to do something, you wish to win a success.

Have you thought of what success consists? Not in amassing a fortune; some of the most unsuccessful men have done that. It is in your power to live a life of integrity and honor. You can so live that all will respect you, you can speak words of cheer to the down hearted a kindly word of caution to the erring one, and incite in the minds of those around you a desire to live a pure, straightforward life.

All this you can do and a grand success will be your reward. Then, if wealth or fame await you and men delight to do you honor these will be but gilded frames encasing success.

ANNIE GRAHAM.

My Little Newsboy.

"Oh, please, sir; do buy a paper!"

I had just left the train and was hurrying to my place of business when my attention was arrested by these words, uttered in a tone not often heard among the clamorous newsboys of our large cities. The little fellows rarely accosted me, for they have a pretty clear idea that ladies are not profitable customers.

I always watched them with interest as I passed twice each day from the St. Paul Union Depot up to Jackson street. They fairly swarmed on the corner by the Merchants' Hotel, and many a smile have I exchanged with some ragged urchin who would dodge from before me, yelling at the top of his voice, "Here's yer *Daily Globe! Globe!* Have a shine, sir? Here you are! Shine 'em up!"

Some of the more enterprising among them united the shoe-blacking business with their more literary occupation, and varied their cries accordingly.

This particular morning was a dreary time for them, but they yelled away in a shriller key than usual, as if determined to rise above outer discouragements. It was the unusual cadence in those words, "Oh, please, sir; do buy a paper!" that attracted my attention.

The speaker had followed a gentleman up two or three steps, in his eagerness to make a sale, but with no result except to have the door bang noisily in his face. As he turned away and came slowly down the steps, I thought I had never seen such a forlorn looking baby before—for baby he certainly was in years, and ought to have been at home with his mother, provided he had one. How could she let such a little child run alone among the dangers and defilements of the streets? He could not have been more than six or seven. His clothes were a mass of tatters, and I could see the tender skin through many a gaping hole. He had no cap. The scant muffler that had been tied over head and ears had slipped back, exposing beautiful, shining brown curls to the full mercy of the driving storm. Boots, several sizes too large, covered the little feet, which I knew were tingling with cold. Under his torn jacket he carried his papers, which were fast getting soiled, though he did all in his power to protect them. His face was blue and pinched; but the merry brown eyes held a light of undaunted pluck, and twinkled roguishly at me as he raised his thin, baby voice, and cried out, "Mornin' papers! Here's the mornin' papers! All 'bout the 'lection! 'Rah for Harrison!" This last outburst, accompanied by a frantic wave of a ragged old handkerchief, gained him a customer; so, checking my impulse to speak to him, I went on to my office.

All day long those brown eyes haunted me and several times I went to the window to see if he was still at work. There he was, running back and forth, dodging among wheels and horses' feet, tripping up in the clumsy boots, but rarely losing sight of a probable customer. I saw him when he sold his last paper. Not stopping to loiter with his companions and competitors in the trade, he sped up the street far quicker than I thought his baby feet could carry him, and disappeared around the corner.

For several mornings after this I watched closely for my little newsboy, and as each day passed without my seeing him, regretted not having spoken to him before. Business was absorbing, the politics of the times exciting, and the curly headed child who had so filled my thoughts was being quickly forgotten.

One evening as I was hurrying to catch the train for home, a sob coming from a dark angle in a building brought me to a sudden stop. I looked sharply into the shadow, and there stood a child whom I recognized as the same one in whom I had been before interested.

"What is the matter, little man?" I asked.

He worked his grimy fists into his eyes for a moment, and then answered wofully, "They took all my pennies!"

"They did? Well, that was naughty of them. Who took them, dear, and how many had you?"

"I had twenty. It was them big *Pi'neer Press* boys wot took them, and now mammy can't have no supper!"

"If I give you twenty pennies more, will it be all right?"

"'S'm—if they don't take 'em again!"

"Go, they shall not take them again See, there's a big policeman over there. We'll go and tell him all about it, and see what he can do for us."

Taking the cold, trembling, little hand in mine, we went over to the policeman. I stated the facts briefly, and the burly protector of the peace lifted the boy in his arms, until baby eyes and eyes grown old in spying out evil of every kind looked into each other.

"Well, I declare, if it isn't Curly Charlie! You ought to be in your bed, my man. Why didn't you come to me when the boys robbed you? I'll fix them for this. Don't cry, old chap. You're a man of business, you know, and business men never cry. You see, ma'am," he said to me, still holding the child, "his mother's been sick awhile, starved almost to death by a drunken husband. He's dead now, and this chap has sold papers like a good one and kept the bread in their mouths. I'll see that the boys don't trouble him again. We're old friends, ain't we, Curly? You and I have been on the same beat a long time."

I had just time to make my train, so putting the promised pennies in Charlie's hand, I hurried away.

The next day, putting business aside I found out from the policeman where my *protege* lived. On the way to his home I had to pass through streets that made me shudder with fear and disgust. Finding the house, I was directed to a basement door, at which I knocked, a woman's voice calling to me faintly to come in. May God grant that the day come speedily, when such dens as the one I entered then shall vanish forever from His fair world! Lighted by a small, square window, half of which was boarded up, heated not at all, filthy beyond description, was this room where human beings sheltered. The only furnishing of the place was the miserable bed on which lay a woman, too ill to raise her head as I entered the room.

"I have become acquainted with your little son, Charlie," I said, in explanation of my intrusion. "and have come to—"

"Is he hurt? Oh, in Heaven's name don't tell me that!"

"No, no, he is not hurt. I have only come because he told me you are ill."

"I am glad my boy has a friend," the woman answered slowly, with evident pain. "He'll need one soon. I've not much longer to stay by him. He's a good boy, but oh, Miss! he's too young to go on the streets. What could I do? He's all I've got, and I'm all he's got."

I questioned her about herself, while doing what little I could to make her bed more comfortable.

"My husband died from drinking," she said, between the pauses for breath, "and after ahwile I took sick. We've had hard enough times,, my baby and I, to keep out of debt and sin, but so far we've done it. I've been lying here for six weeks, and that little fellow has earned enough to buy what food we needed and pay the rent. I haven't wanted much myself, but he ought to have good food. He's growing fast, and he's so little!"

As she said these last words, her face grew whiter than it had been even, and in her struggle to breath, she fainted When she partially rallied I went out to find help. But there was no one in that wretched street with enough manhood left them to sympathize with, or care for human woe, so I went back to tell the poor, dying creature I would leave her for a little, to return with food and friends. While I was chafing her cold hands, the door was pushed open, and in clattered Curly Charlie. He nodded in half surprise to me, and then pushed past me to his mother.

"Charlie, dear—"

The faint voice stopped, the tired head fell a little to one side, and I saw the rest and peace of death steal over the worn features. Her little son, unaccustomed to this strange, cold visitant stroked her white face, as if she were the baby, and he the strong, loving

protector.

"I'm rich now, mammy! See all my pennies! I sold all my papers to-day, and one man he gave me fifty cents and wouldn't take no change. Mammy won't you look at my money? I'm going to buy bread, and meat and tea. *Now* you'll get well! Mammy dear! Mammy?"

"Charlie, darling, your mamma cannot hear you. God has taken her away to another home—a better one. She will never be hungry and sick again."

To my dying day I shall not forget the look in those brown eyes, as they tried to read in my face the full meaning of what I had said. From me they wandered back to the white, still face on the pillow, but yet with only wonder and perplexity in them.

"Do you understand me, my child? Mamma has been sick a long while, you know, but she can never be sick again. She cannot bear you, little Charlie. No, child, she *cannot* kiss you. Charlie, your mother is dead."

He answered me never a word, but stood there as if turned to stone. I hardly knew what to do. Once more I tried to take him in my arms, but he wrenched himself away and falling prone on the floor, sobbed out, "Oh, mammy, mammy! I want my mammy! Oh, mammy, *mammy!*"

* * * * *

The funeral was to be the next day.

All too late kind hearts and generous hands waited on the poverty and sorrow in that dingy little room. If I had not turned away the first time I heard the note of trouble in Charlie's voice there might have been life and hope there, instead of death and despair. By the side of the dead I registered a vow to care for the helpless orphan, and from that day, when the voice of want or sorrow appealed to me, not to turn heedlessly away.

The wasted form of the mother was clad simply and cleanly. Her face was very sweet and peaceful. Charlie had been cared for too, but he took no notice of his neat clothes, or of the clean room. He cried so heart-brokenly when we tried to coax him away from the sight of that quiet form, that we did not urge him further, and as two of us arranged to stay until the funeral should be over, we kept him there with us.

It was only by telling him how grieved his mother would be if she knew he would not eat, that we persuaded him to take a little food. He slept but little through the night, and when he did, tossed restlessly from side to side, crying ever the dear, dear name, "Mammy! Mammy!"

The next morning he was too exhausted to repulse me, so I took him on my lap and told him in simple words of what was to come, and of the happy home God kept always ready for those who had tried to keep away from wrong doing. He knew little about death, and only in connection with one or two pets whom he had lost in this way.

Such tender years, such a tender, brave heart, such baby ignorance, and oh, such keen sorrow! When it dawned upon him that his mother would not only never speak to him again, nor hear his voice, but that in a few hours he should never *see* her again, his cup of grief was full, and the bitterest cry of all went out from those baby lips. His sorrow was not like a child's. It went deeper than tears, and he sat with white face and closed lips, never looking away from the precious form so soon to be hidden from him forever.

My fellow-watcher and I sat talking quietly, a little removed from where the coffin stood. Charlie had drawn a chair beside it and climbed upon it, so that he could still see his mother's face. We did not forbid him; how could we?

My companion suddenly touched my arm and pointed across the room. The sight was so pitiful, we turned away and wept.

Yearning for the loving embrace that had so often comforted him, wearied out with grief, and longing to lay his head once more on that faithful breast, he had clambered into the coffin, and there had fallen asleep, his cheek, crimson now with fever, touching hers, one brown hand hidden about her neck, the other clasping her cold, cold fingers.

"He can do no harm. Let him stay. It is all the comfort life has for him just now."

The hour for the funeral drew near. A few neighbors straggled in, and the most hardened were moved by the touching sight before them. At last the minister whom we had called in, a kind-hearted man of God, stooped down to lift the child in his arms. He paused, looked long and earnestly at the sleeper, and then a quick exclamation passed his lips.

"Oh, what is it?" said some one.

He tried to unclasp the clinging hands, but they resisted his efforts. The minister bent closer still. His fingers were on the weak pulse, his hand upon the baby heart, and on the high white forehead, where the beautiful curls clustered damp and thick.

With a look of infinite pity upon his face he tried once more to remove the sleeper, but the brown eyes opened and looked into his with an appeal he could not withstand. Then the white lids drooped wearily. The baby-face turned a little nearer to the mother-breast, and the child sobbed faintly, "Mammy."

We stood by the coffin waiting and watching. Hardened men, whose cheeks were long unused to tears, wept like children. Coarse women, out of whose hearts all mother-love seemed to have fled, stretched out tender hands toward that orphan child.

Was that a smile on his face? Yes, a smile It brightened and deepened until the tiny, pinched features were fair as an angel's. Once again the brown eyes opened, but this time they were shining with joy and a great, beautiful surprise. He stretched out both arms, as if somewhere beyond our vision other arms were outstretched to him.

"Oh, mammy; my mammy! *I see you!*" he cried out, joyously; then the eager arms dropped, the glorious smile faded, the white lids drooped, the curly head nestled down on the mother-breast, and all was still.

Charlie had gone home.

Law and the Liquor Traffic.

The Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*, commenting upon the legalization of the liquor traffic, says:

We have made laws to authorize bad men, if they pay twenty-five dollars a year in some States, and a thousand dollars a year in others, to set up in all towns and cities their vice-producing, drunkard-making establishments! And so we do what a heathen Chinese Emperor refused to do—we run our municipal governments and our State and national government largely by the great revenues which are collected from the vices and crimes of our people. And now we have millions on millions of money invested in wineries, distilleries and breweries, and in wholesale and retail liquor houses, and millions on millions in the immense stocks of liquors. It has come to be a gigantic business. It is strong and mighty. It has been established by legislation. It cannot be destroyed without legislation. We have permitted it by law. We must prohibit it by law. It exists in village and town, in city and State and nation, by the sanctions of law and the protection of the Government. It stands to reason that, in order to abolish it, we must take away the shield of law and the protection of the Government every where, and enact prohibition laws and Constitutional amendments.

Men make the laws which legalize the liquor traffic; only a minority of such men and of those who elect them to be legislators, are total abstainers. To change these liquor selling laws, the men who authorize them must somehow be reached and converted. How shall it be done?—*National Advocate.*

Beginning at the Right end.

Scientific instruction on the evils attendant on the use of alcoholic stimulants is now given in thirty-three States. This is beginning temperance work at the right end. All that can be done to save the slave of strong drink should be done. It is better work, however, to prevent souls from being thus enslaved than to rescue those in chains. Here, surely, in the effort to train the young, is an opportunity for common union in temperance work. To this all temperance workers should direct their earnest attention. —*New York Observer.*

FEATHERED ARROWS.

The Rev. H. Loomis, of Yokohama, has prepared his annual statement of Protestant missions in Japan for the year 1890. The total number of members is 32,380, which is a gain of 1,199 over the figures for 1889. There are 577 missionaries in the field,297 organized churches of which 54 are wholly and 193 partially self-supporting, 8,758 pupils in the day schools, and 24,115 in the Sunday schools.

†††

Religious hypocrisy indirectly pays homage to true piety by the effort to appear as such, just as a counterfeit coin is a recognition of the value of genuine coin. The man who, for the sake of the advantages to be derived therefrom, seeks to appear religious when he is not, is in this respect a hypocrite, and uses the appearance to gain selfish ends. Impostors not infrequently resort to this deception,—*New York Independent.*

†††

It is sometimes said, concerning the thousands of young men and women who have volunteered for foreign missionary work, that it is impossible to use so large a number because, first, the openings are not sufficient to employ them, and, second, because they can not be supported. On the last point about all that need be said is that there is money enough in the control of Christian people to support 10 times the 5,000 volunteers who have offered themselves, if only it were consecrated wealth. As to the extent of the field, it is limited only by the world itself.—*Young Men's Era.*

†††

Of religion in colleges it is said that at Amherst at least two-thirds of the students are Christians; at Williams, about one-half; at Harvard, about one man in every five or seven; at Dartmouth, not far from one-half; at Brown, also about one-half; at Yale, the proportion is somewhat less than at Brown, but considerably more than at Harvard; at Hamilton, about one-half are members of the College Young Men's Christian Association; at Princeton, a Young Men's Christian Association enrolls a large proportion of the students, and so with many others. It is emphatically true that the religious element plays a large part in the life of the student. —*Christian Advocate.*

†††

From the last Statistical Year Book of the Protestant Church in Prussia, published by authority of the government, it appears that in 1889 no fewer than 3,125 persons became converts to the Evangelical church. Of these 2,317 were from the Roman Catholic church, 525 had been Dissenters, and 283 had been Jews. During the same year 167 Protestant pastors had died, the average age being 60 years 6 months, the average time of service 30 years and a few months; 98 were placed on the retired list, receiving a pension from the government. The average age of these was 71 and the average service time 40. The average number of years spent in retirement by the pastors on the pension list was about seven and a half.

†††

If it were really possible that there should be any virtue which is excluded from the Christian ideal, the Christian ideal would cease to be supreme, and would, consequently, cease to be divine. The confession of the divinity of our Lord is the assertion that all the scattered rays of light which shine in the world are gathered up in him, and radiate from him again. What sometimes appears to be non-Christian virtue is really a stunted, perhaps a perverted, form of Christian virtue. Take away its restrictions, bring it back to its original principle, give it its full development, and it will shine forth as at least an inspiration toward the Christian ideal. It is thus that lives such as those of Saul or of Samson though exceedingly faulty, if judged by a Christian standard, are yet included in the cycle of revelation, and find their place among the moral phenomena which represent the half-conscious longings of the darker ages toward the Redeemer who was to come.—*Freemantle.*

†††

At one time the pulpit was in peril from essayists. Orations have been its bane; so have long, lecture-like treatises, discoursed ponderously, arithmetically progressive and soporific in their effects At the present day addresses which neither expound the Word nor inform the mind are, in certain quarters, very much the fashion. The most successful preachers we know, or have ever known, preach sermons. They may be short sermons, or long, or medium; but they are carefully thought out, and filled with corn—not with flour, or starch or fried bread-crumbs or crackers or magnesium powder, but corn And they are preached naturally. The other day we heard a great theologian preach. We also heard him talk —at a tea-table and in a garden. He is not a popular preacher, nor specially gifted with the arts of rhetoric or oratory; but he has two excellences,—nay, three. He gave us something to think about; he talked elsewhere.; and he tried his level best to make good people better and bad people good.—*London Methodist Recorder.*

†††

"There is no true craftsman," as Ruskin has more than once said, "who does not find his work a pleasure; that is, he finds it a pleasure if the conditions are fairly favorable, and all the schemes of the social reformers, from Fourier to Bellamy, are brought to bear on just this point, not to save men the necessity of labor, but to give them labor so congenial and so reasonable that it shall be a delight. A young American carpenter once told me that he should be content to work on housebuilding the rest of his life if it could only be on the terms on which he was then working—having good materials to work on, so that he felt some pride in his labor, and paid by the day, so that he was not tempted to "scamp" his work, he said, for the sake of his family. Does not Edison enjoy his toil? Did not Ericsson enjoy his, apart from all reference to the money or fame it might yield? The artist Haydon, in his journal, has a noble description of the joy with which he paced his silent studio after midnight, with a great picture lifted on a gigantic easel, and seen by "the trembling light of a solitary candle." "The moment I touch a great canvas," he says, "I think I see my Creator smiling on all my efforts. The moment I do mean things for subsistence I feel as if he had turned his back, and, what's more, I believe it" Even thus felt Gibbon, though with less of pious ejaculation, when the great canvas of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" had unrolled itself in his studio and he was at work; and so many a humbler man has felt. Exchange the canvasses. Set Gibbon to doing Haydon's work, or Haydon to doing Gibbon's, and doubtless each would be miserable. There are many such unfortunate combinations in the world; but the evil does not lie in the work, only in the misfit.—*Harper's Bazar.*

God's Way of Helping.

"When I am weak then am I strong. This was the testimony of one who did not easily learn to rely upon God for help in the time of trouble. The apostle did not get to this stage of grace without many and repeated struggles. Yet he finally did come to just this point when he could truly say that God's way of helping was manifested in his weakness quite as fully as in his strength. When his self-sufficiency had departed from him, the grace of the Lord was ready to assist him.

God helps many of us sometimes in this singular manner. We are set back in order that we may go forward, and cast down before we can become uplifted We would start from just where we are. God sees fit to place us in another position, in order that we may run aright when we do set forth on the way he has planned for us to go.

And it is in this discipline of change of circumstances we find our faith sometimes sorely tried. Times and seasons of change are always trying ones. There are so many of the old ways to be gotten rid of before we can experience the new, or perhaps, we should say, reap the full benefit of the new, that we almost doubt, while in the immediate stress of transition, whether the new will ever bring with it anything which can benefit us. We flounder helpless in the quagmire of our

difficulties before we learn to cry out unto the Lord to aid us Then when we do get to this point of weakness, so often does the word of the Lord come true even to us. When we are weak then are we,too, strong—strong in strength and might of the Lord, who proves himself ready to do great and mighty things for us.

Again, God helps us in many unlooked for ways. We think the help must certainly come through some well-known channel, else how can it come at all? God knows there are ways we see not, and in using different means from what we expected he shows us most conclusively that his hand has been guiding the affair all the while. How many instances of this kind do we notice in the annals of the Fulton Street Prayer meeting, the thirty-third anniversary of which has lately been observed.

Blessings temporal and spiritual have been showered upon that company of earnest seekers after God's help, who have learned through these years of discipline that God's ways are manifold, but that he fails not in answering the petitions, and supplying the needs of those who call upon him in sincerity and truth. Needs of both body and soul are laid before him with an earnestness born of an assurance that in some way the petition will be attended to by the Most High. Answered prayers are the rule and not the exception in the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. That is, the answers are signal, and those benefited return thanks very often, which serves to act as an encouragement to others to ask whatsover they will, believing.

And again, in the personal life of all true Christians how often are God's ways made manifest by the most unexpected ways of helping them through darkness and trial. When the way is so dark or so hedged in that there is no light on the path,or seemingly no way out of our difficulties, then help reaches in the most unexpected fashion. And we learn from it all the strength of our God, who can aid us when we are helpless quite as well as when we are full of vigor. His compassions, indeed, fail not. They are new every morning and fresh every evening, and his mercies ever overshadow us like a cloud, while we lift up our hearts and and know that God is still mighty to succor, and will give us his aid in his own time and way.

Why Sixty Seconds Make a Minute.

Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely, replies Max Muller, in *Fortnightly Review*, because in Babylon there existed by the side of the decimal system of notation another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60; it being divided without a remainder by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, 15, 20, and 30.

The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, or 720, stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into 60 minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, or a little more than four and a half English miles; and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplished one parasange. The whole course of the sun during the 24 equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasanges, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees.

This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 140 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet strain of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal—that is, Babylonian—each hour consisting of sixty minutes.—*Exchange.*

Persistence.

A story has recently been told which illustrates a capital business quality. Thirty years ago a barefooted and ragged boy presented himself at the desk of one of the partners in a large manufacturing house in Glasgow and asked for the position of errand boy. The gentleman in question told him there was a good deal of running to be done, but that the first qualification would be a pair of shoes. The boy nodded and disappeared For the next two months he picked up odd jobs about the market, and slept in one of the stalls; then, with the money he had saved, he presented himself at the same desk properly shod. The manufacturer looked at him and said, "You cannot have the place in those rags; you would disgrace the house." The boy looked for a moment unhappy, then promptly retired without a word. Six months later he reappeared decently clothed. The manufacturer's attention was now aroused. He saw that the boy had denied himself food to fit himself for the place, but upon questioning him he discovered that he could neither read nor write. He told him that he could not employ him as an errand boy until he could do both. Again the boy disappeared, going this time into the country and working in some stables in order to be near a night-school. A year later he reappeared at the same desk and announced that he could read and write. He got the place, and is now chief fore man in the concern. This story points its own moral. It is impossible to resist the sort of persistency which this boy possessed. To the boy on the outside the buisness world looks very like an intrenched city with locked gates, but persistency is the key that will open almost any door.

Some Good Rules.

In an exchange we find the following rules, which were very much enforced upon us when we were young, and we do not think they would injure the world to be practiced now a little more universally:

Never exaggerate.

Never point at another.

Never betray a confidence.

Never wantonly frighten others.

Never neglect to call upon friends.

Never leave home with unkind words.

Never laugh at the misfortune of others.

Never give a promise which you do not fulfill.

Never send a present, hoping for one in return.

Never speak much of your own performances.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story.

Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.

Never question a servant or a child about family affairs.

Never present a gift, saying it is of no use to yourself.

Never read letters that you may find addressed to others.

Never fail, if a gentleman, of being polite and civil to ladies.

Never call attention to the features or form of any one present.

Never associate with bad company; have good company, or none.

Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.

Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect in any one present.

Never refer to a gift you have made, or a favor you have rendered.

Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch; speak to him.

Whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world.—Hawthorne.

A Serious Neglect.

God has endowed all mankind, women as well as men, with physical, mental, and moral capacities. The cultivation of which is a duty devolving upon each individial person. He has alloted to us sufficient time for the performance of this duty, he has surrounded us with all the blessings of modern civilization, making the task an easy one to perform.

But while he has been thus careful of our wants and capacities, neglect in the performance of these duties brands each one of us with God's displeasure, and fixes upon us a sin for which He will hold us accountable. But to properly employ our time is a duty we owe not only to God, but also to ourselves and to mankind in general. If we fail to improve the opportunities that lie before us, we willingly degrade ourselves, and invite the merited contempt of those by whom we are surrounded. We wreck our own influences and deprive society of one of the powers that God intended should be a blessing to the moral world.

I am sorry to say, but it is too true, that a woman spends too much of her precious time in studying the gay fashions of the day. If she cannot find the latest fashion catalogue, she will go to church, in the city, and gaze at every woman she sees, trying to decide how to make her new dress, never once thinking of what the preacher is saying. It is an acknowledged fact that a woman cannot wear a dress to the same place more than once, without making some change in the style.

How much better it would be for her if she would only increase her intellectual powers, at least in proportion to the increase of her wardrobe! Instead of doing this, she persists in crowding cultivation out of her mind into her wardrobe, thus lowering herself in the estimation of the intelligent, and becoming a target at which all sensible people aim their blows. Do not understand me to say that women should not give any attention to her dress; but she should not go wild over fashion.

Some, perhaps think that by the beauty of their dress, or by the stylish pose of their hat they will charm every young man they meet and thus have a large number of admirers from whom they may select a companion for life. But what a mistaken idea! It may be true that some silly fop will admire her, but if you can't catch a husband except by the laces and frills in your dress, and by the feathers in your hat, better not catch one at all, for he is not worth having after you get him, and two idle-brained, silly persons tied together cannot succeed in life. The time will come when men of intellectuality and worth seek women of the same type; unless we approach this standard, how can we expect a man to burden himself with us for lifetime. There are many things in which woman may employ her time, which will bring her far more pleasure than the gayest fashions of the world; and that pleasure never ceases but continues to increase in proportion to the time she rightly employs.

Nothing tends to raise a woman to a higher standard of perfection, in the eyes of the sensible, than reading good literature. A few hours every day, spent in this profitable manner draws her mind away from the idle dream of fashion, and she becomes acquainted with the interesting topics of the day; and is thus enabled to carry on an interesting conversation and it keeps her from "boring" a young man's life out of him, when she corners him off in the parlor

It elevates her mind from the channels of idleness, frivolity, vice and corruption; and places her upon the golden throne of society, around which, only the true and noble-hearted of our land are permitted to gather.

Then seeing our condition let us try, young ladies, to read good literature, to exercise good common sense, and by so doing draw our minds away from the evils of this world and fix them on the grander and nobler things for which God in his wisdom has placed us here

ROWENA MOFFITT,

Co-Education.

We intend to consider co-education not only in regard to its social effect, but also in regard to its development of the mental faculties of the race.

Some men entertain the erroneous idea that the mental faculties of woman are inferior to those of man. If this were true there would be no necessity for co-education. What advantage would there be for our girls to attend a college for both sexes, and take the same course as boys, if they were inferior to the boys intellectually!

The primitive method of teaching required a pupil to receive only such instruction as was best suited to his natural ability and inclination. This has been called the highest type of teaching, and if it really were, then we would naturally conclude that there is a difference in mental capacity. It would be very pleasant to study only what is agreeable, but by so doing our intellects can never reach a higher state of development.

Many people think that there is no necessity for females to recieve a college education—the same that is necessary for males.

Are the brilliant, active women of our land the ones who learned a little French, music, and a great deal of fashion and frivolity in a female seminary?

By no means. To be practical in every sense of the word, one must receive a practical education; and this is not often acquired in a fashionable school. The most romantic and *impracticable* girl I ever saw was a graduate of one of the oldest and best established female schools in North Carolina.

It is right that we should boast of the civilization of the nineteenth century, for it is truly called "*the* civilization of the ages."

Men say that man, by his strength and unceasing toil of body and of mind, has reached the present state of high civilization. Whatever cause they discover that has advanced civilization they find woman ever urging on that cause. When Columbus had been refused aid by all the monarchs of Europe, a woman sold her jewels to fit out an expedition that resulted in the discovery of America. Woman's hand placed the red cross on the Crusader's breast, and her devotion cheered the dreary night-watches on the desert, and strengthened man's arm in battles under a burning Eastern sun. Wherever we find a record of man's bravery and daring, we find the result of woman's influence. Where can a girl exert her influence over a boy to better advantage than in school? What boy is willing to fail on recitation, and let his female class-mates get a head of him, or what boy wants to have a bad reputation among the the girls?

The students of a male school are wilder and more dissipated than in a mixed school, and what besides female influence can cause this change?

Years ago it was considered rather a disgrace for a woman to earn her own living, but now thousands of woman are entirely dependent on their own exertions for sustenance, and retain the respect of all right thinking persons.

A comparatively small number who have been well educated are fortunate enough to obtain professorships in colleges; others have paying positions as book-keepers, stenographers and type-writers; while a great many more eke out a miserable existence behind the counters of large dry-goods stores, or toil from morn till eve in a hot, ill-ventilated factory. If the last mentioned had been taught trades, as their brothers probably were, what an advantage it would have been to them!

Many parents object to co-education because boys and girls are apt to think more about each other than about their studies. Perhaps some do, but there are exceptions to all rules.

We may rightly conclude that our parents judge us by thmselves. When they were young I expect they did just as we do (only perhaps a little worse) If they will visit Elon College and see our ever-vigilant faculty, I am sure they will have no more fears on that line; and then you know that school-boy courtships don't generally amount to much and usually die a natural death.

NINA TURRENTINE.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. R. A. Ricks.*

"Dear brother, thy wearisome journey is done,
The rocks and billows are past;
In safety thy pilot, the Heavenly Dove,
Hath guided thy bark to the last;
And now there is sitting 'in peace' from the strife,
Oh, beautiful close of a beautiful life.

Now, never can sin or the tempter come near,
And never more sorrow or pain,
Thy trial is o'er, thou art safe in the land
Where naught can e'er harm thee again,
When paradise opened as thy spirit drew near,
What welcome from loved ones fell sweet on thine ear!

Thy labor is over. Thy works cannot end,
The fruits of the Spirit were thine;
Their beauty still lingers to gladden our eyes,
In lives thou hast guided they shine,
May we, who survive thee, work faithfully on,
And gain at the last the bright crown thou hast won.

Thy dear precious form, we shall see it no more,
We have tenderly laid it to rest,
With tears in our eyes but a smile in the heart,
Believing our Father knew best
Bright angels, guard well thy trust 'neath the sod,
Till the trumpet shall waken and call it to God."

A Friend

Keats, Va.

*Who died suddenly in his pulpit at Burlington, N. C., at 11 o'clock A. M on Sunday, April 26, 1891, just as he was about to begin his sermon.

DIES IN THE PULPIT.

Rev R. A. Ricks, Pastor of the Christian Church, Dies in the Methodist Pulpit, at Beginning of Services Sunday.

Burlington was thrown in a state of consternation on Sunday morning as the news spread that Rev R. A. Ricks had suddenly expired, sitting in the pulpit.

Sunday morning as the Christian congregation assembled at the Methodist church, and Rev. R. A. Ricks ascended the pulpit looking to be in the usual state of health; but, alas! life is uncertain. Having read the lesson, sung the hymns and prayed, he was sitting in the chair while the Deacons were taking up the collection, he was noticed to drop his book, then his head fell to one side. Friends rushed to him and gently laid him down and a physician was sent for, while willing hands did all in their power to restore life, but to no good. Like a flash of lightning a stroke of apoplexy had suddenly parted soul and body; all that could be done was to wait and see the last few breaths leave him. Drs Sellars, Stafford and Long were with him, but death had done its work beyond their power e'er any one reached his side. His wife was present and sat before him, and whose heart broken cries and the death scene before us made it sad indeed.

Mr. Ricks came here at the beginning of the year, and no man ever made a more favorable impression on a community than he —young, full of vigor, and the Holy Spirit, he went about his Master's work, seeing how much he could do—and during the four months labor he had won the love and favor of all who knew him, and had secured funds, etc., to build a nice church. One who knew him remarked that his greatest pleasure was in the ministry—he was a hard student—his sermons clear—his every action just. Indeed his church loses an able helper, his wife and children a fond husband and father.

Sunday evening his body was embalmed and in charge of the following committee from the Masonic Lodge and the church, left on the midnight train for Ridgeway, N. C., W. H. Carroll, J. G. Holt, J. S. Thompson, A. A. Iseley and Walter Trollinger. Mrs. Jas. A. Turrentine accompanied Mrs. Ricks and the children. Sad, sad, sad was the scene around that peaceful home on which the sun shone so brightly Sunday morning, as friend after friend came to pay the last tribute of respect.

The town mourns, but it is a comfort to know he died at his Master's work, and his reward is certain. Peace, rest and comfort to his soul, as it passed to him who gave it, while all Burlington will remember him as a just man.—*Burlington News.*

THE PASTORS' PAGE.

"Plan your work, and work your plan."

From Rev. M. W. Butler.

Dear Sun:—Last Sunday morning at eleven o'clock I filled my regular appointment at Spring Hill. The day was as lovely as spring time could give, and the congregation unusually large. This is a most orderly and attentive congregation.

After the morning service dinner was served in the grove. At three o'clock in the afternoon the Ladies Aid Society met in the church and rendered a good programme. At this meeting the congregation was large. Eighteen new members were added to the Society. Miss May Rainey who is teaching a school in the community and is also a teacher in our Sunday school favored the congregation with some good recitations by her scholars. The Society realized about five dollars from monthly dues and iniation fees. The services were pleasant and we trust also profitable. At night I preached at Waverly. At that service the congregation was very much larger than usual. The cause at those two points is evidently progressing.

I am indebted to Bros R. T. West, J. J. Faison and J. T. Harris for being remembered by them in a very substantial way. Also Bro. J. F. West and wife gave us kind attention and assistance when we were moving into our home here.

This evening the sad news comes that Rev. R. A. Ricks is dead. The Lord is calling his servants home. I am overwhelmed. Only a few days ago and you chronicled the sudden death of Bro. Barrett, and so soon, so sad, we are told that Bro. Ricks has left us. My heart weeps. I loved him. He was my tried and trusted friend, and I was his. He was true to his convictions, his friends and his church. We shall miss him so much, but ever press to our hearts his memory. One by one they are crossing over the flood to join the assembly of the redeemed around the eternal throne, of the city of God. Fraternally,

M. W. Butler.

Waverly, Va., April 28, 1891.

Windsor, Va., Letter.

A Sunday school mass meeting was held in the Christian church last fourth Sunday afternoon. Bro. M. L. Watkins was chosen president; Bro. Ludlow Watkins, vice president, and Bro. John King secretary. The object of the meeting was to revive a greater interest in the Sunday school work, practice singing and to discuss the best way or method to carry forward the work. It will, hereafter, be held monthly, alternating at the Christian and Baptist churches.

Last Monday night, April 24th, a very destructive fire occurred here. The store kept by Mr. Eddie Joyner, with the entire stock of goods, was burned - insured for $2,500. Another store house, owned by the Farmers' Alliance, and the hotel kept by Mr. B. T. Carr were entirely destroyed. Mr. Carr lost some of his property by the fire—perhaps he sustained more loss than any one else. He has had the sympathy and help of many of our citizens.

Mrs. E. J. Butler and Mrs. Maggie Kitchen of Southampton spent a few days here last week.

Mr. Emanuel Turner an old citizen aged about 80 years, died at his home near here last Thursday. Funeral services conducted by the writer from the house the 1st day of May, then his remains were laid away in the silent chamber of death until resurrection morning.

We were sad to hear of the death of Rev. R. A Ricks. Bro. Ricks and I were members of the same church and were reared in the same section of Southampton county. I received him into the church at Union, Southampton county, Va., when I was pastor there several years ago. From the first he became an active worker in the church. Soon after he felt called to preach the blessed gospel of Christ, and after a course of training he entered actively into the work. He was a man of very good attainments, a good preacher and a very useful man in the church. O, how much I shall miss Brother Ricks! He finished his work when in the prime of life and the Lord called him home to rest from his labors. To his devoted companion and dear children, his heart-broken mother, two loving sisters, an only brother and many sorrowing relatives and friends, I extend my profoundest sympathy and condolence in this sad affliction. Wait, O, wait patiently a little while, dear weeping ones, and the Lord will call you to meet your loved one to part no more forever.

May 4, 1891. J. T. Kitchen.

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, MAY 7. 1891.

Rev. J. Pressley Barrett, D. D., Editor.

The Editor of the Sun is slowly improving, but he is still unable to work.

Send in orders for Children's Day Exercises. See announcement in this issue.

We tender a brother's sympathy to Rev. W. S. Long, D. D., President of Elon College, in the loss he sustained last week by the burning of his barn, wagons, fodder etc. and four other buildings on his farm near Graham. The loss is over $1,000 with no insurance. It is a heavy loss for him.

Our Father.

The divine fatherhood and the universal brotherhood of man may be said to be the two fundamental principles of the word of God. The life of this grand truth breathes and throbs through every part, but more especially in the New Testament, the latest and best dispensation of truth and grace to the world. The conservatism of the Older Dispensation, and the exclusiveness of the Jewish polity, when interpreted by the educational and gracious purpose of Jehovah, yields this as its interior life, "the universal fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." The entire volume is the history of the creation, alienation, redemption, and spiritual educatiou of the race, illustrated in the lives of men, the history of nations, and the everchanging institutions of ages. All there is in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, all that exists in universal space of light and life, of truth and goodness, of beauty and happiness, is the outcome of the infinite, abounding love of God, and is stated in a single proposition in the sacred Scriptures, *i. e.*, "God is love." We do not wish to be understood as saying that the creation, alienation, redemption, and spiritual education of the race was involved necessarily in the experience of any one representative or typical man; but that the great interlocked truths of inspiration relate to every member of the race as certainly as to the first, and though, by tainted moral tendencies and spiritual gravitations, we do not sustain the same exact relation to divine law that the first man did nevertheless creation, alienation, redemption, and spiritual education are actual or possible conditions to every member of the race. The unchangeable God of love sustains the same relation and disposition to the new-born babe of yesterday that he did to the first human soul, and this fact remains unchanged whatever may be the character of the earthly parentage. God is the creator, even though human instrumentality intervene. As in the case of creation, so in the probable alienation of the moral and spiritual nature of that babe when it shall come to years of accountability. The fact of alienation relates directly to that child and every child. Out from the Edenic state of moral purity and innocence in early childhood that human being may go, but not until he goes out as the first man did for himself, by actual sin. The fact that the first man sinned taints and gives tendency to the moral nature; it does more, it creates an unfavorable environment; but until that newly-awakened moral nature rebels and sins for itself there is no fall for it, no possible guilt or necessary alienation. As in the case of creation and alienation, so with relation to redemption and spiritual education. These truths relate directly to each and every member of the race; he lives by God's creative act for himself; he sins, believes, and is spiritually educated, or the reverse, for himself. Moral taint, tendency, and environment go very far to make it probable that every one on attaining responsibility will call for "a division of the inheritance" and go out from the Father's house, but not necessarily so. The religious parentage, early and continnous Cristian influences in the home, Sunday school, and church make it exceedingly probable that a given child will cheerfully enter early into the service of truth and God, but not necessarily so; the prevailing belief of all the purest and best among men, and the ever-increasing light and power of spiritual attraction go far to make it probable that men will yield to the claims of God, and take on that moral and spiritual culture made possible in the gospel, but not necessarily so. And so it is that every man stands or falls for himself, that we are each responsible for the talents, advantages, and opportunities of life, and that all men thus stand upon a common level. The man with five talents must show a corresponding improvement, while the man with one is condemned for the non-improvement of the little he had. Thus are all men brethren in one common family, bound by a common responsibility varying as are the conditions and circumstances of human life, to each other, to destiny, and to God.

"Our father!" How significant the term which our blessed Lord makes the first in that most profound of all prayers! The purest and holiest of earth may not argue to himself a pre-eminence in his approach to God by saying, *My* Father, for though otherwise he were as pure as Gabriel, this unholy pride would vitiate his petition and cast him down into the depths. The most Christly among men must say as he approaches God, "Our Father," and so doing relate himself to every member of the human family; and the more like the blessed Jesus he be, the stronger would be the inspiration within him to throw the arms of fraternal interest around all the race, and taking them with him in thought in hope, in faith, and in love say, "Our Father."

C. J. Jones.

Norfolk, Va.

Sad News.

The sudden death of Rev. R. A. Ricks, was a shock indeed to his many friends. It cast an unexpected gloom upon all minds, and saddened and pained all hearts. It was but about a week ago that Bro. Barrett died snddenly. Now Rro. Bicks has fallen at his post with full gospel armor on. In the prime of manhood; in his full developed strength of body and intelect; in the midst of his greatest usefulness; his sun at its meridian glory and occupying a most important and responsible position as a minister of Jesus. What is the matter? Are we unfaith to our solemn trusts? Or are we loving and cheerishing some sinful idol? Let us examine our hearts and closely scrutinize our lives. And let there be a turning away from sin and a fresh and full consecration to God and his service. For it may be that God is afflicting us as he did Bochem in sending death to thin and deplete the ranks of our ministry. A solemn sadness burdens my soul and I feel like mourning in sackcloth and ashes. "Help, Lord, for the Godly man ceaseth, for the faithful part from among the sons of men."

R H. Holland.

"Children's Day Programme," Now Ready.

It is a neat book of 16 pages. Is full of choice class exercises, recitations and music. Leaflets with 5 additional recitations will be sent with each order. So there will be an ample supply for all emergencies. Price per single copy, 5c; Price per dozen copies, 50c; Price per 100 copies, $4.00. Send orders to,

J. P. Barrett,
Raleigh, N. C.

Elon College Notes.

Quite a number of us around the college have been somewhat indisposed for the past few days. Probably the "spring fever" had much to do with it. Hence no letter from us last week. But we are all better now and we go at our tasks at this the beginning of a new month with renewed energy and vigor, because we know that "beyond the Alps lies Italy." Another month and then vacation (and so feel like every letter of that word "vacation," ought to be capitals).

Our literary societies have been quite active of late in several respects. Conjointly they have decided to publish a college magazine. It will be known as *The Elon Monthly*. The editors and business managers are, from the Psiphelean Society, Miss Irene J hnson editor, Miss Annie Graham financial agent. From the Philologian, Mr W. P. Lawrence is editor and Mr. J. W. Rawls

business manager. From the Clio. Mr. S. E. Everett, editor, Mr. W. J. Graham soliciting agent. Thus making three editors and three business managers. The first number is expected to appear about June 1st Some may think this a strange time to begin the publication of a college journal, but we think it the proper time. For this reason, among others. If, as expected, the paper appears just before commencement while there are many visitors and friends of the college here, we think quite a number of subscribers can be solicited. Then again, which we consider of more importance, the students will have their magazine before them during the summer and they can at their homes and among their friends solicit, as we hope, many additional subscribers. No college is complete without its magazine. It fills a place, serves a purpose that nothing else can. It familiarizes one college with what the others are doing, it cultivates literary taste and talent among the students, and is a constant reminder to patrons, friends and former students of the institution in which they are interested. And as an advertising medium, a college paper cannot be overestimated. We think our students are to be congratulated for starting the magazine. We sincerely hope and believe it will succeed. The staff has asked Prof. Moffitt to serve as alumni editor and this suffices to say that nothing will be published in the paper but what is of merit and well worth perusal in any home.

The societies have also adopted beautiful designs for badges and already quite a number have been purchased and these emblems on their coats will ever be reminders that they must be as true to their societies and to their alma mater as this gold is to its color. The Greensboro band has been secured and will be here commencement dispensing its sweet strains from horn and string.

Mr. Hubbard, the landscape gardner, has drawn up a beautiful design for the laying off of the campus, its walks, flower beds, etc. And oh, how we do wish the plan was executed before commencement.

Prof. Newman, who has been suffering much of late from nervous attacks, has been at last prevailed upon, by his physician and friends to leave the college for a week or two. He is now visiting about Chapel Hill. We hope he will be much improved when he returns. Mr. R G. Kendrick, who will take his A. M. degree at Wake Forest College in June, is filling Prof Newman's chair here at present and so far as we are able to learn, up to the present he is filling it with entire satisfaction. We hear nothing but the highest words of praise for Mr. Kendrick. The writer worked side by side with Mr. K. in the class-room for three years and we know whereof we speak when we say he knows what school-room work means.

We had a very pleasant speaking Friday night, April 24, from members of the various classes here. As I find my notes already growing lengthy I will not give the program. However I send the three essays that were read by the three young ladies on that occasion, you can publish them if you wish. This will give some idea of the essays we are accustomed to have read monthly. The essays are sent by the young ladies writing them and without making any changes.

Athletics and sports of various kinds have not been altogether neglected during this pleasant spring weather and our grounds are enlivened after school of evenings by base ball, foot races, bag races, lawn tennis, croquet, etc.

Dr. Long went down to Durham and spent two days visiting there in the interest of the college—but as he has not returned at this writing we do not know with what success he met. We had two excellent talks on Y. M. C. A. work last Saturday night by the Messrs? Cunningham of the University of N. C. and H. Lingle of Davidson College. Their visit was very pleasant to us and we hope they will call again.

Since our last letter the library has not been entirely forgotten. It is still finding friends. But are there not others yet? We return our thanks to Messrs J. F. O'Kelly and J. D. Hall of Chatham Co., for a package of half-dozen volumes. K. T. Crumpler, of Windsor, Va , one volume. To Mrs. P. C. Chandler of Elington, N. Y , for an excellent box. And to Mr. J. D. Childs of Shelby, N. Y., for another box containing several volumes. We are also in receipt of a box of nine volumes direct from the publishing house of John D. Wattles, Philadelphia, all by H. Clay Trumbull the famous editor of the *Sunday School Times*. In proportion to size I consider this among the most valuable package of books yet received. Trumbull is considered one of the noted Sunday school workers of the world. We do not know to whom we shall return thanks for these books. (To Dr. Trumbull himself.—Ed. Sun.)

We were made sad last Sunday evening bp the announcement that Rev. R. A. Ricks, was dead. Only a short time since another one of our able workers was called from time into eternity. Thus the ranks are broken. God is calling his own unto himself. Whose time will come next? Reader, can you tell? And then too who will fill the broken ranks? The enemy is advancing. Sin and Satan are pressing hard to conquer whom they may. Two noble warriors fighting these dreaded enemies have recently fallen—not victims, but victors, conquerors or more than conquerors over every foe that assailed them from the enemy's lines. But they are gone to receive their reward for works well done. Will there not be others to enter the race? Upon whose shoulders have the mantles of these good brethren fallen?

J. O. Atkinson.

Elon College, N. C , May 2, 1891.

Suffolk Letter.

Indisposition caused by a slight case of la grippe and a multiplication of duties have prevented me from sending in the "Suffolk letter" for weeks. As some few know, I have been away ten days attending a meeting of the Hymnal Committee at Stanfordville, N. Y. Leaving Suffolk on Monday, April 20th, at 5 p. m., I reached Stanfordville at half past six the following evening having met up with Rev. S. S. Newhouse, who was on his way, at Poughkeepsie. We held our first meeting that night, holding three sessions each day till yesterday, when we closed at noon. Miss Helen Goff and Rev. C V. Strickland, were unable to be present, and Miss Ida E. Peake, who is teacher of music at Starkey Seminary, was requested to aid us, which she very kindly did. Assisting the committee in the adaptation of hymns and tunes by playing and singing hundreds of them, she deserves not only the thanks of the committee, but of the many who will use them for praise in years to come.

A large portion of manuscript had passed around and under the examination of individual members of the comittee, and now we have spent seven full days in reviewing, excluding, making new selections, readjusting, and endeavoring to put in shape a hymnal equal to any church hymnal published. At this stage of the work, the committee is compelled to believe that such songs as usually appear in lighter works for use in prayer meetings, Sunday schools, and social meetings, should be excluded from the new book and only the richest and best hymns and tunes should be inserted. This has greatly increased the work of the committee and will greatly increase the value of the book. The committee has determined that the best workmanship shall enter into the mechanical execution of our plans, and that the best the committee can do, in every sense, shall be done. Of course a large portion of the work must be done by Prof. Morrill, the chairman of the committee, and he will be assisted further by Miss Peake. We hope to have the book out by September, and we hope that the book may not only please but help the church in praise. For those who love the jingling tunes, lighter books, as "Evangelist's Songs of Praise," No.5, and others, may be used. Brother Strickland is preparing also a book of Anthems to be issued soon I need not say more of our work now.

My trip to Stanfordville was pleasant, though I went there sick and was busy during my stay. In addition to other duties, I preached twice for the pastor, Brother Morrill, on the Sabbath. The new church is handsome in apperance and is almost perfect in acoustic effects. I visited the Christian Biblical Institute, met Dr. Weston and the students, and found all pleasant, and engaged in the study of "the word." My home was with R. A. Husted and family who ministered kindly to my wants while there. I spent two hours at a Sunday school convention in an adjoining village, and heard enough to learn that the Christian church reported the largest membership, the largest average, and the largest collections; and I could see that the Christian pastor was in the front ranks, and the church is decidedly the best in that community.

I cannot take space to tell of my trip up and down the Hudson, only to say that it was full of interest to me and that I am now on the steamer between Baltimore and Norfolk on my way home.

A card from Mrs. J. P. Barrett yesterday announcing the sudden death of my friend and brother, Rev. R A. Ricks, in the pulpit in Burlington, N. C., last Sunday, was to me painfully surprising. It must have fallen with crushing weight upon his dear wife and I trust the Christ whom he trusted and preached will be her consolation in this greatest trial of her life. The death of our dear brother, Rev. M. B. Barrett, only two weeks ago was also a message of sadness to my heart. That "death loves a shining mark" is often felt to be too true by loving hearts. But it is just as true that Jesus will not leave his children "comfortless"—"I will come to you," He says lovingly to his own when they are lonely and sad.

W. W. Staley,

Bay Line Steamer, April 30, 1891.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

My Dear Children:—We are glad to say that Uncle Barry is very much improved. He is up and out some but cannot do any work yet, so I have the pleasure of greeting you all again. I love to talk to you, I love to see your earnestness in the work for the Band. I hope the many, many cousins who do not write and help would just "come and see us" with their letters and dimes. Vacation time is here and you all will have more time to work for the Band and write for the Corner. We all love vacation and I hope you will enjoy yours more than ever before. We know you will if you try to do something good.

Here are some things for you to practice:

IF.

If your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid.
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

Cordially,
Uncle Tangle.

Union Ridge, N. C., April 8, 1891.

Dear Uncle Barry:—It has been a long time since I have written to the Band. I am going to school to Rev. T. W. Stroud and like to go very much. I try to be first to get the Christian Sun. I dearly love to read the cousins' letters they are so interesting. I will close my letter hoping it won'tfind the waste basket.

Yours truly,
Mamie Garrison.

Mamie, we are glad to hear from you again. Write as often as you can, and try to work for the Band, then the corner will be more interesting than ever.

Morton's Store, N. C., April 10, 1891.

Dear Uncle Barry:—I was so glad to see my letter in the Sun that it encouraged me to write again. I was also glad to see so many letters from new cousins that I hope we will always have a bright corner hereafter. I will try to write once a month and if all will, we will always have some nice letters in the Sun, though I was disappointed last week when I looked and found none. I hope it will not be so again. Enclosed find ten cents for the Band.

Your loving niece,
Leona Kernodle.

That is right, Leona, do what you can and that will encourage the others.

Loco, Sussex, Co., Va., April 11, 1891

Dear Uncle Barry: As I have never written to the Children's Corner. I thought I would write this morning but it is a very disagreeable morning. The spring has come the flowers are blooming. I love to see the spring come so I can see the beautiful flowers and hear the birds sing so sweetly. I will ask the little children a question. Who wrestled with the angel of God? I will close with love to you, Aunt Minnie and little Addie. As ever your niece.

Mollie K. Davis.

We are glad to welcome you to our Corner and hope you have come to stay. All of God's children are glad to see the beautiful flowers and birds and sunshine.

Chapel Hill, N. C April 5, 1891.

Dear Uncle Barry:—I thought I would write to the Band this morning as it is so I can't go to Sunday school. Cousin Stephen Petty is dead, and was buried yesterday at 3 o'clock and Mr. David Davis' wife was burried at the same time, and cousin Ben. McCauley is to be buried this evening. It is so sad to hear of so many folks dying, but I hope that they have gone to Heaven so they are better off. I will answer Willie Staley's question. "Jesus wept" is the shortest verse in the Bible. It is found in the 11th chapter of John, and the 35th verse.

Your nephew,
Charlie F. McCauley.

Charlie, let your life be such that when you are called from this earth people can say truly that you have gone to be with Jesus.

Windsor, Va., April 18, 1891.

Dear Uncle Barry:—I was very sorry to see no letters for the Children's Corner this week. I always feel disappointed when the Sun comes, and there are no letters from the cousins. We had a very interesting Corner last week. O, this beautiful weather! How bright and happy it makes every one. Vacation will soon be here; then many of us will return to our homes, from which we have been gone so long My school will close in just three weeks. I like vacation very well, but I like being in school much better. I send 10 cents to the Band. I will answer Bessie Staley's question. "The Israelites took the bones of Joseph, and carried them up to Egypt and buried them." I will ask a question. "Which of the gospels only record the mission of the seventy?" With much love for all, and good wishes for our work. I remain,

Pattie Newman.

It is really very nice to have vacations once in a while and we love to see all enjoy themselves! Then when play time is over it is so nice to get to work again filled with new life and vigor.

Zuni, Va., April 11, 1891.

Dear Uncle Barry:—I will with pleasure write a few lines to the Band to-night. I am a little boy 12 years old. This is the first letter I ever attempted to write to the Band. I hope this will not be the last one that I will write. I have been to school only one session I am a member of Mt. Carmel church. I hope to do my promise. I send much love to the Band. I will write to the Sun. I think it is a good paper. I love to read the cousins letters. I send one dime to the Band hoping it will reach the place. I will send the following poem:

"The fisher who draws in his net too soon,
Won't have any fish to sell;
Th child who shuts up his book too soon,
Won't learn any lesson well.
If you would have learning stay;
Be patient—don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile each day,
May get round the world at last."

Yours truly,
Reuel Crumpler.

Glad to hear from you, Reuel, and we want you to write often. Your dime got to the right place. Each dime adds to the amount and does its share of good.

Chapel Hill, N. C., April 4, 1891.

Dear Uncle Barry:—I thought I would write you a few lines to-night. There were several interesting letters in the Corner last week, and also a nice letter from Uncle Millard. I have sad news to tell you this time. My Sunday school teacher, cousin Stephen Petty, is dead. He died Thursday night about ten o'clock, and was buried this evening at three o'clock. There was a large crowd that attended the burial service. Preacher Johnson read the burial service. Cousin Stephen has left a great many friends and relatives to mourn his loss. We certainly have lost a good Sunday school teacher, It certainly is sad to think about it. I will answer Bessie Staley's question. The Israelites buried the bones of Joseph in Shechem. It is found in the twenty-fourth chapter of Joshua and thirty-second verse. I will ask the cousins a question. What man's three friends sat down on the ground seven days and nights and never spake a word? My church hen has got thirteen little chickens. I will close with much love to all the cousins and little Addie.

As ever your niece,
Mary E. McCauley.

We mourn with you, Mary, in the loss of your good Sunday school teacher. You will never hear his kind voice more, but if you follow his teaching you will join him in the glory world.

From Rev. D. A. Barney.

Dear Brother Barrett:—Sad indeed was the news in the last Sun, concerning our great loss, in the death of dear Brother Barrett. May the Master raise up some worthy successor to take up the work that he left. I had to make a disappointment at Antioch the second Sunday—cause grippe—but gave them a sermon instead on 4th Sunday night. Had a good meeting. Work in all the churches moving on slowly, but hope steadily advancing, except a few who are always growling, at every forward movement.

Sabbath schools all in operation with our own literature except Antioch, and she will organize May 3rd. May will be our 3rd quarterly meeting time. I expect to baptize at each point, in May. Have 25 for the 1st Sunday in Page.

Bro. W. A. Dofflemyer, has moved his family back to Page Co., from Pa. He is lying at death's door with no hopes at all of recovery.

Spring is here in all its beauty and sweetness. Grain looks well. Never saw such a fruit bloom as there is this year. May Zion also bloom, and the desert blossom as the rose.

Bro. P. H. Fleming is to assist me in a meeting of days at Antioch, some time next quarter. Hastily your brother,

D A. Barney.

Mayland, Va., April 27, 1891.

District Meeting.

PLACE: Spilona, Johnston Co., N. C.
TIME: May 29, 30, 31, 1891.

FRIDAY.

11:00 a. m. Prayer meeting and organization.
12:00 m. Dinner.
1:00 p. m. The Necessity for a More Thorough Consecration in Our Work, by Revs. N. B. Hunnicutt and W. G. Clements, Deacon A. Moring and others.
2:00 p. m. Home missions, by Revs. C. H. Rowland, D. R. Yarborough and T. W. Mangum, and Bros. Jesse Langston and J. L. Banks, and others. Singing.
3:00 p. m. Temperance, by Revs. J. L. Foster and W. G. Clements, Bros. Jesse Langston, A. Moring and others. Singing.

SATURDAY.

9:00 a. m. Prayer meeting, conducted by A. Moring.
9:30 a. m. Foreign Missions, by Revs. N. B. Hunnicutt, D. R. Yarborough, and C. H. Rowland, and others. Singing.
10:00 a. m. Church Literature, by Revs. W. G. Clements and J. L. Foster, and Bro J. Milton Banks. Singing.
11:00 a. m. Preaching, by D. R. Yarborough.
12:00 m. Dinner.
1:00 p. m. Preaching, by C. H. Rowland.
2:00 p. m The Five Cardinal Principles of the Church, discussed by A. Moring, J. L. Banks, Jesse Langston, and Revs. W. G. Clements, N. B. Hunnicutt, J. L. Foster, and others. Singing.
3:00 p. m. Why Does the Christian Church Advocate Open Communion Principals, all Singing.
3:30 p m. Education, by Rev. W G. Clements and others. Singing.
4:00 p. m. Miscellaneous business.

SUNDAY.

9:00 a. m. Sunday School mass meeting.
10:00 a. m. Sunday School review lesson, taught by J. Milton Banks.
11:00 a. m. Preaching.

Let all the churches be represented.

J. A. JONES.

Married.

HAYES—JOHNSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Franklin, Va., April 8, 1891, Mr. James Hayes and Miss Ada Johnson, the writer officiating. May peace and prosperity be theirs. J. W. BARRETT.

Died.

ELMA BRADSHAW.—Near Union Christian church, April 18,1891, Mrs. Elma Bradshaw, in the 24th year of her age. She leaves behind two children, a husband and relatives to mourn their loss. Funeral services by the writer. J. W. BARRETT.

Rates Real Estate Convention, Raleigh.

For above occasion the Richmond & Danville railroad will sell tickets to Raleigh, N. C., and return at following rates from points named. Tickets on sale May 12th and 13th, good returning May 16th, 1891: From Charlotte, N. C., $7.45; Greensboro, 4.30; Durham, 1.65; Winston Salem, 5.60; Oxford, 3.15; Selma, 1.65, Goldsboro, 2.75 Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.

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BEGINNING

Wednesday, February 11th.

Our first SPECIAL SALE for 1891 will open on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, at 10 o'clock a.m., and CONTINUE ONLY TEN DAYS.

All goods left from the season, without reserve, will be reduced to prices which will not fail to move them in the very limited time allotted for this sale. We like occasionally to give those a chance who lay up hard cash until they see *Big Discounts in Prices!* To this class we promise a harvest. The fact is we have the largest ever offered by us at any previous closing out sale. We have too many goods; cannot carry them over to another season; they must be closed if desirable stuff and cut prices will accomplish this end. Many of these are staple goods, which are as seasonable for Spring as for present use.

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Permit us to add that, as we conduct these sweeping-out sales at least twice each year, you are not in danger of getting old, shop-worn stock.

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Yours very truly,

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For above occasion the Richmond & Danville railroad will sell tickets to Oxford and return at the following rates from the points named. Tickets on sale May 11, 12 and 13, limited good returning May 17, 1891: Charlotte, $7.70; Greensboro, 4.55; Winston-Salem, 5.75; Durham, 1.90; Henderson, 70c; Raleigh, 3.15; Selma, 4.55; Goldsboro, 5.40. Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.

Rates.

North Carolina State Medical Society and Board of Examiners, Asheville, N. C. For

For this occasion the Richmond & Danville railroad will sell tickets to Asheville, N. C., and return at following rates from points named. Tickets on sale May 21st to 26th-1891, góod returning June 2. From Charlotte, $7.05; Greensboro, 7.90; Winston-Salem, 8 80; Durham, 10.00; Henderson, 11.80; Raleigh, 11.00; Selma, 12.20; Goldsboro, 13.00. Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.

Rates Land Sale, High Point, N. C.

For above occasion the Richmond & Danville railroad will sell tickets to High Point and return at following rates from points named. Tickets on sale May 11 and 12, and for trains scheduled to arrive in High Point morning of 13th, good returning May 14th, 1891. From Charlotte, $4.05; Salisbury, 1,90; Greensboro, 90c Winston-Salem, 1.90; Durham, 3.85; Raleigh, 5.00; Oxford, 5.20 Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.

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UNITED STATES POSTAL

April 15th, 1891.

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Washington, D. C.

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD

in effect Sunday, Dec. 1890

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

	34 Pass. Daily.	38 Pas. and Mail. Daily ex. Sund.
Leave Raleigh,	5 00 p m	11 25 a m
Mill Brook,	5 15	11 41
Wake,	5 39	12 05
Franklinton,	6 01	12 26
Kittrell,	6 19	12 44
Henderson,	6 36	1 00
Warren Plains,	7 14	1 39
Macon,	7 22	1 46
Arrive Weldon.	8 30	2 45 p m

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

	41 Pass. and Mail. Daily ex. Sun.	45 Pass. Daily.
Leave Weldon,	12 15 p m	6 00 a m
Macon,	1 13	7 06
Warren Plains,	1 20 p m	7 15
Henderson,	2 22	7 53
Kittrell,	2 39	8 11
Franklinton,	2 56	8 29
Wake,	3 17	8 50
Mill Brook,	3 40	9 15
Artve Raleigh,	3 55	9 30

LOUISBURG RAILROAD

Leaves Louisburg at 7.35 a m, 2,00 p.m
Arr. at Franklinton at 8.10 a.m, 2.35p.m
Lv. Franklinton at 12.30 p.m, 6.05 p.m
Arr. at Louisburg at 1.05 p m, 6.40 p.m

JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager.
Wm. Smith, Superintendent

RALEIGH AND AUGUSTA AIR-LINE R. R.

In effect 9 a m Sunday, Dec. 7, 1890

Going South.

	NO. 41 Passenger & Mail.	NO. 5 Freight & Passenger
Leave Raleigh	4 00 p m	8 35 a m
Cary,	4 19	9 20
Merry Oaks,	4 54	11 28
Moncure,	5 05	12 10 p m
Sanford,	5 23	2 10
Cameron,	5 54	4 20
Southern Pines,	6 21	5 35
Arrive Hamlet,	7 20 p m	8 10 p m
Leave "	7 40 p m	
" Ghio	7 50 p m	
Arrive Gibson	8 15 p m	

Going North.

	NO. 38 Passenger & Mail.	NO 4. Freight & Passenger
Leave Gibson	7 00 a m	a m
Leave Ghio,	7 18	
Arrive Hamlet,	7 38	
Leave "	8 00	5 00
Southern Pines,	8 58	7 40
Cameron,	9 26	9 31
Sanford,	9 52	10 55
Moncure,	10 16	12 10 p m
Merry Oaks,	10 26	12 50
Cary,	11 01	2 45
Arrive Raleigh,	11 20 a m	3 20

PITTSBORO ROAD.

Lv. Pittsboro at 9.10 a. m. 4;00 p.m.
arr at Moncure at 9.55 a. m 4.45 p.m.
Lv Moncure at 10.25 a. m. 5.10 p. m.
arr at Pittsboro at 11.10 a. m. 5.55p. m.

CARTHAGE RAILROAD.

Lv Carthage at 8.00 a. m. 3.45 p. m.
arr at Cameron at 8 35 a. m. 4.20 p. m.
Lv Cameron at 9.35 a m. 6.00 p. m.
arr at Carthage at 10.10 a.m. 6.35 p.m

Richmond and Danville Railroad Company.

Condensed Schedule.
In Effect March 29th, 1891.

DAILY

SOUTH BOUND.

		No. 9.	No 11.
Lv.	Richmond,	a1 00 p m	a2 55 a m
"	Burkeville,	2 59 p m	4 53 a m
"	Keysville,	3 42 p m	5 31 a m
Ar.	Danville,	6 06 p m	8 00 a m
"	Greensboro,	8 25 p m	10 10 a m
Lv.	Goldsboro,	a2 35 p m	†4 30 p m
Ar	Raleigh,	2 32 p m	7 45 p m
Lv.	Raleigh,	a4 37 p m	a1 00 a m
Ar.	Durham,	5 43 p m	3 02 a m
"	Greensboro.	8 05 p m	7 20 a m
Lv.	Winston-Salem,	†6 30 p m	a7 30 a m
"	Greensboro,	a8 35 p m	a10 18 a m
Ar.	Salisbury,	10 24 a m	11 57 p m
"	Statesville,	a 12 35a m	a12 57 p m
"	Asheville,	5 55 a m	5 38 p m
"	Hot Spring,	8 32 p m	7 20 p m
Lv.	Salisbury.	a10 32 p m	a12 03 p m
Ar.	Charlotte,	12 00 m	1 30 p m
"	Spartanburg,	3 20 a m	4 32 p m
"	Greenville,	4 26 a m	5 50 p m
"	Atlanta,	9 00 a m	11 30 p m
Lv.	Charlotte,	a12 15 p m	a1 45 p m
Ar.	Columbia,	4 40 a m	5 50 p m
Ar	Augusta,	8 15 a m	9 30 p m

DAILY.

NORTH BOUND.

		No. 10.	No. 12
Lv.	Augusta	a9 30 p m	a10 45 a m
"	Columbia,	12 20 a m	2 00 p m
Ar.	Charlotte,	4 30 a m	6 30 p m
Lv	Atlanta,	a6 00 p m	a7 10 a m
Ar	Charlotte,	5 10 a m	6 40 p m
"	Salisbury,	6 52 a m	8 35 p m
Lv.	Hot Springs	a11 32 p m	a12 27 p m
"	Asheville,	1 04 a m	2 19 p m
"	Statesville,	5 26 a m	6 33 p m
Ar.	Salisbury,	6 20 a m	7 25 p m
Lv.	Salisbury,	a7 05 a m	a8 43 p m
Ar.	Greensboro,	8 50 a m	10 30 p m
"	Winston-Salem,	a11 30 a m	†12 10 a m
Lv	Greensboro,	a10 20 a m	a11 30 p m
Ar.	Durham,	12 28 p m	5 00 a m
"	Raleigh,	1 28 p m	7 45 a m
Lv.	Raleigh,	a1 33 p m	†9 00 a m
Ar.	Goldsboro,	3 10 p m	12 50 p m
Lv.	Greensboro,	a8 58 a m	a10 40 p m
Ar.	Danville,	10 41 a m	10 25 a m
"	Keysville,	1 33 p m	3 23 a m
"	Burkeville,	2 15 p m	4 06 a m
"	Richmond,	4 10 p m	6 05 a m

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15 and 14.	STATIONS	16 and 13
*7 50 a m	Lv...West Point...Ar	6 00 p m
9 15 a m	Ar...Richmond....Lv	†4 40 p m
10 35 a m	Lv...Richmond....Ar	4 35 p m
12 45 p m	" ... Burkeville ...	2 43 p m
1 45 p m	" ....Keysville..... "	2 00 p m
2 22 p m	" ....Chase City."	12 24 p m
2 57 p m	" ....Clarksville... "	11 47 a m
3 49 p m	Ar.... Oxford ...Lv.	a10 40 a m
4 15 p m	Lv...Oxford.... Ar	10 15 a m
5 20 p m	"....Henderson. "	*9 30 a m
3 54 p m	Lv.....Oxford.....Ar.	10 52 a m
6 53 p m	Ar.....Raleigh.....Lv.	a8 15 a m

† Daily except Sunday. a or *Daily.

Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited operated between Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 11.10 a.m., Danville 7.25 p.m., Greensboro 8.50 p.m., Salisbury 10.20 p.m., charlotte 11.40 p.m., arrives Atlanta 7.20 a.m. Returning, leave Atlanta 11.10 m., charlotte 7.05 p.m., Salisbury 8.20 p.m., Greensboro 9.45 p.m.; arrives Danville 11.05 p. m., Lynchburg 1.30 a. m., Washington 6.53 a. m.

Additional train leaves Oxford daily except Sunday 11.05 a m, arrive Henderson 12. 05 p. m., returning leave Henderson 2.15 p. m. daily except Sunday, arrive Oxford 3 15 p. m.

No. 9, leaving Goldsboro 12.15 p. m and Raleigh 4.15 p. m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No. 40, leaving at 5.35 p m. daily, except Monday for Oxford, Henderson, and all points on O. & H., O. &C. and R. & M. Roads.

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Nos. 9 and 10 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

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On 11 and 12. Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans, via Montgomery, and between Washington and Birmingham, Ala., Richmond and Danville, Raleigh and Greensboro, and between Washington and Augusta, and Pulman Buffet Sleepers between Washington and Hot Springs via Asheville.

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Died.

Departed this life April 23, 1891, near Sylveston, Va., Mrs. Pheoba English, aged 89 years. She was born in 1802 and was a consistent member of Barrett's Christian church where she held her membership for nearly half a century. She was received into church by Rev. Mills Barrett, father of the late Rev. M. B. Barrett. In her life were blended those beautiful graces which ornament the Christian life. She leaves a son and daughter, grand children, and a large circle of friends. Her remains were buried last Saturday in the family cemetery. I wish to tender my sympathy to the bereaved. Funeral services by the writer.

M. W. Butler.

Rates.

State Convention King's Daughters, Raleigh, N. C. For this occasion the Richmond & Danville railroad will sell tickets to Raleigh and return at following rates from points named. Tickets on sale May 12th to 15th inclusive; limit May 17, 1891: From Charlotte, N. C., $7.45; Greensboro, 4.30; Winston-Salem, 5.60; Durham, 1.65; Oxford, 3.15; Selma, 1.65; Goldsboro, 2.75. Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.

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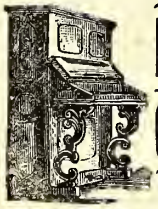

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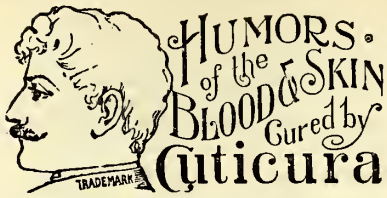

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